

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Journal of a Tour in the Levant. By William Turner, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1634. London, 1820.

AMONG the tourists in the Levant during the last twenty years, there are many who have come forward with much higher pretensions than Mr. Turner, and whose works have rendered the task of novelty somewhat difficult to those who have followed them. Mr. Turner seems aware of this, and has therefore contented himself with giving to the public 'a plain book, neither embellished by fancy, nor illustrated by learning.' It is, however, a journal of actual travels, written by a gentleman of some talents, who resided three years at Constantinople, attached to the British embassy to the Porte, and afterwards travelled through the countries he describes. Whatever opinion may be entertained of this work, the author begs that it will not be imputed to him that he has travelled in vain; he has, he says, 'learned from comparison to be thankful that he is the native of a country which, however depressed at intervals by temporary suffering, is, undoubtedly, the happiest in the world; and to be proud that his birthright gives him a share in the most perfect form of government that ever was administered to the human race.' Without denying this assertion, we cannot but think it a very sweeping inference, and certainly, such as a residence in the most despotic countries in the world only, could not warrant him in drawing. It did not require a three years' residence in Turkey, or a tour into Syria and Egypt, to prove that England is a happier country than any of these, and that her form of government is superior. Mr. Canning, to whom the work is dedicated, could have told Mr. Turner this before he sent him to the Levant.

The three volumes of this work are divided into distinct tours; the first includes a voyage to Cadiz, Gibraltar, Sicily, Malta, Milo, and Constantinople, with the journal of a tour to Zante, Albania, and Greece. The second volume contains a voyage to Syria and Egypt, and the third, the author's travels from Egypt to Constantinople. As a considerable portion of this work has already been anticipated in our pages, and in no inconsiderable degree by Mr. Hughes' travels now under review, we shall endeavour to select, as far as we are able, such parts as present the most novelty. At Cadiz, the author visited the Isla de Leon, since rendered so memorable by its being the position taken up by the patriots, who have effected so peaceful a revolution in Spain. The Isla de Leon is about six miles from Cadiz, and forms a town nearly as large; it contains one magnificent street a mile and a quarter in length, and about seventy feet wide, neatly paved in rows of large white stones, regularly laid between

small ones. The authors account of the meeting of the Cortez is also interesting:—

'The Cortez was sitting during my stay in Cadiz. Their assembly was held in a large and lofty hall, formerly a church: at the top of it was a canopy for the throne, and under this a chair, reversed on account of the absence of the sovereign, on each side of which a sentinel with a drawn sabre was stationed, and relieved every hour. Behind the chair was a picture of the King. The number of members was 200. Among these, though the Andalusians themselves are extremely dark, it was easy to distinguish the colonial members, who were nearly negroes. Forty of the members were ecclesiastics: and of these three were bishops. Notwithstanding this disproportionate number of priests, their undue influence was not dreaded. They had lately failed in an attempt to restore the Inquisition, the pretence of which was, their present inability to punish the authors of some anti-catholic works lately published. I had a strong proof of the decline of their power in the observation of a Spaniard sitting next me in the gallery, who told me, that the priests would find themselves disappointed in the hopes they were still foolish enough to entertain of leading the people by the nose, as they had been used to do.

'The proceedings of the Cortez were conducted in a very orderly manner. The president commanded silence by ringing a small bell, and his command was instantly attended to. I heard several speeches delivered with fluency, and listened to with attention. One member (a Senor Arguellos) was extremely eloquent. The manner of voting was, that those who favoured the question should rise, and those who opposed it should remain sitting. The secretaries then going round counted and declared the numbers. The first day I attended their assembly, they were engaged in electing a president, the last having lately died. A list of the candidates lay upon the table, and every member whispered the name of the person for whom he voted to the secretary, who affixed a mark opposite to it. The list was then read, with the number of marks affixed to each name; and he who had the majority was immediately elected and acknowledged.'

At Abydos, Mr. Turner crept into the gun which fired stone shots at our fleet in 1806; its diameter is two feet; it requires one hundred and twenty-three pounds of powder to load it, and the stone ball it discharges weighs three hundred and ninety pounds. Mr. T. also visited the Dardanelles, and tried the historical probability of Leander's exploits, which, after making the experiment himself, he declares to be one of the fables to which the Greeks were so ready to give the name of history. Lord Byron, did not, as is generally supposed, confirm the truth of the story; he only performed the easiest part of the task by swimming with the tide from Europe to Asia, whereas Leander is said to have swam over both ways with and against the tide. Mr. T. started against the tide, and although an expert swimmer, he was not able, after twenty-five minutes of violent exertion, to proceed farther than one hundred yards. The plague broke out at Constantinople soon after the arrival of the British embassy, and in a very short

time 320,000 persons fell beneath this periodical scourge of the Levant. Although Constantinople has been often described, we are induced to give the author's brief account of it :—

‘ Amid the novelties that strike the European on his arrival, nothing surprises him more than the silence that pervades so large a capital. He hears no noise of carts or carriages rattling through the streets, for there are no wheeled vehicles in the city, except a very few painted carts—called *arabaks*—drawn by buffaloes, in which women occasionally take the air in the suburbs, and which go only a foot's pace. The only sounds he hears by day, are the cries of bread, fruits, sweetmeats, or sherbet, carried in a large wooden tray on the head of an itinerant vender, and at intervals the barking of dogs disturbed by the foot of the passenger.

Attracted by the beauty of the prospect, and the advantages promised by the situation of the city, he is bitterly disappointed on walking through it, to find himself in streets roughly paved, if paved at all, encumbered with filth, and crowded with lazy ugly curs, of a reddish brown colour, with muzzles like that of a fox, short ears and famished looks, who lie in the middle of them, and only rise when roused by blows. He is amused by the endless variety of turbans worn by the Turks he meets, (whose different situations are marked by the form and colour of their head-dress), and by the shapeless figures of the women, who are all covered with a large wrapper of crimson, blue, or green cloth, and with folds of linen on their heads, which so completely hide the whole of their face, except the eyes and nose, that a Turk may pass his wife without recognising her.

The contrast between Constantinople and an European city, is still more strongly marked at night.—By ten o'clock, every human voice is hushed, and not a creature is seen in the streets, except a few patrols and the innumerable dogs, which being regarded as unclean animals by the Turks, have no other shelter than they can find under gateways and benches in the streets, whence at intervals they send forth such repeated howlings, that it requires practice to be able to sleep in spite of their noise.—This silence is occasionally and frequently disturbed by a fire, which is announced by the patrol striking on the pavement with their iron-shod staves, and calling loudly *yanganvar*, “there is a fire,” on which the firemen, (mostly Janizaries) assemble, and all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the conflagration are immediately on the alert.—If it be not quickly subdued, all the ministers of state are obliged to attend, and if it threaten extensive ravages, the Sultan himself must appear, to encourage the efforts of the firemen.—The Turkish women, who are assembled in crowds, choose this opportunity to reproach him for the faults of his government, and frequently even launch out into violent personal abuse of him.’

In the account of Zante, we meet with the following anecdote :—

‘ An old man, who had fled the island ten years ago, for the commission of two horrible murders, returned in the middle of March, to secure some property of which he stood in want. On arriving, he sent for his wife to demand his goods, and, on her disputing about them, he beat her violently. She went to the Capo di Governo to complain, and he ordered the man to be arrested, which discovered who he was, and General Campbell instantly ordered him to be hanged. When the order was communicated to him, he exclaimed, “What! would you hang me now in my old age?” and several nobles of Zante remonstrated against the iniquity of punishing a crime so long after its commission; but, as they could not bring the general to assent in such an absurdity, the man was hanged. A Turk, then in Zante, at whose village in the Morea this wretch had long been living, came to beg his reprieve; but was told, to his great astonishment, that the Sultan himself could not avert the execution of justice in Zante. The execution of this man, who had been an hireling murderer, was

opposed by the nobles, as they feared he might, by confession, betray his employers; for murder was an organized system in these islands, during the time of their government by Venice, and of the septinsular republic. Each nobleman had a set of retainers, who were ready to execute any orders of any kind which he might give them. The barber who shaved me in Zante, a man between fifty and sixty, told me that his brother had been murdered many years ago; that he knew the assassin, and knew that he had received twenty dollars (about 5l.) as the price of the murder, but had no means of redress; as he was protected by one of the most powerful nobles.’

At Athens, Mr. T. added his name to those cut on the Parthenon, and wanted to cut a stick in the Acropolis, but it contained no tree large enough :—

‘ The passion of English travellers for inscribing their names on the ruins of Athens, has been [not very] happily ridiculed by an English officer, in the following epigram, which is still current in the city :—

‘ Fair Albion smiling sees her son depart,
To trace the birth and nursery of arts;
Noble his object, glorious is his aim,
He comes to Athens, and he writes—his name !

‘ This epigram was answered by Lord Byron, as follows :—

‘ This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would sound much better than his verse.’

Of the credulity of the Greeks, we have the following instance in the appendix to the first volume :—

‘ It is not possible to give a stronger instance of Greek credulity than that which is exhibited in the pretended descent from heaven of the holy fire into the supposed sepulchre of our saviour at Jerusalem. The flame is pretended by the priests, and believed by the vulgar, to descend from heaven at the prayer of the Greek bishop. I was present at this scene in the Easter of 1815. There were two thousand Greek pilgrims (exclusive of Armenians, Syrians, and Copts,) then in the city. On the day after Good Friday, when the ceremony took place, the church was crowded by pilgrims, men and women, each carrying a taper to be lighted by the heavenly flame. The Greek bishop entered the sepulchre, accompanied by the Armenian patriarch, and by a Turkish soldier, whose well-paid silence is adduced as a proof of the miracle. Large sums were paid by the credulous to be placed near the window, from which the fire is given out. For twenty minutes the pilgrims were kept in suspense, and this interval was filled by cries of impatience, and by furious and even bloody efforts of those at a distance to remove and supersede the happy few who had obtained a place near the window. At length it opened, and a wild shout of enthusiasm followed the delivery of the fire. In a moment the whole building was in a blaze from the countless quantities of lighted tapers. The pilgrims, on receiving the fire, eagerly burnt their bosoms, their faces, and their beards with it, and treasured up in their bosoms the candles, which are religiously kept as relics to the day of their death, and descend to their children, who preserve them with reverence.’

(To be continued.)

Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania. By the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes.

(Continued from p. 420.)

In our last, we left Mr. Hughes at Messina, observing the splendid festival of the Bara; we now accompany him to the city of Zante, where the tomb of Cicero is said to have been accidentally discovered in the year 1544, by some

workmen as they were digging for the foundation of a Latin convent, near the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. After giving copies of the inscription on the monument, and on an urn containing ashes found within the sepulchre, Mr. Hughes adds,—

‘As no historian even hints at the place of Cicero’s interment, his mutilated corpse, if the story be true, must have been conveyed hither by his slaves after his inhuman murder on the shore of Gaieta. There we know he had a ship in readiness, and had confided his intention of passing into Greece to his faithful attendants, who thus endeavoured to fulfil after his death what appeared to be the wishes of their beloved master in his life; yet it is extraordinary that the secret of his burial place did not transpire, since the incident of his death, as the elegant author of his life observes, continued fresh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after, and was delivered down to posterity as one of the most affecting and memorable events of their history; so that the spot on which it happened seems to have been visited by travellers with a species of religious veneration.

‘Still more singular appears to be the insertion of the name of Tertia Antonia in the monumental inscription. It was a curious accident that mingled with the ashes of Cicero those of a person belonging to the family of his murderer. Before this sepulchre was finally closed up, the celebrated anatomist, Andrea Vesalio, who had been denounced by the Spanish inquisition for unfortunately dissecting a body in which some signs of life appeared, and had in consequence been sent on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem by Philip II. was wrecked upon the island in his return, and died there in October, 1564. His ashes repose within the Ciceronian tomb.’

Mr. H. made an excursion to the celebrated pitch wells or springs of Petroleum, near Port Cheri, which he found exactly similar in situation and appearance to what they were when visited and described by Herodotus. From Zante, Mr. Hughes conducts us to the shores of ancient Peloponnesus. He arrived at Patras during the fast of the Ramazan. Patras contains very few remnants of antiquity worthy of commemoration. It is a rendezvous for villains of every description, stained with the blackest crimes, who escape the sword of justice and resort thither from the neighbouring islands. The following account of a Turkish Han, is in that happy and playful style in which the author sometimes indulges:—

‘If the reader is not already acquainted by description with a Turkish han, let him picture to himself a large court enclosed with a stone wall, and shut in by folding doors; two sides are occupied by buildings constructed of the rudest materials, and in the roughest style of workmanship, destined for the reception of travellers, and the accommodation of their cattle. The ascent to your chamber is by a flight of narrow slippery stone steps, well calculated to break the limbs, in a country where no surgical assistance can be procured to set them: the room itself will be found utterly destitute of all furniture whatsoever, appearing as if it were built under a settled compact, for ready admission to the wind and rain: here you may cook your victuals, if you have been provident enough to bring a supply, and the smoke will find its way through the crevices of the roof before you are quite suffocated: if you have forgotten your wallet, you will have reason to bless your good stars, if you can pick up a crust of black bread, and wash it down with some resined wine: but, in all probability, you will go to bed supperless, where, if hunger should keep you awake, you may amuse yourself by watching the revolution of the constellations over head, or listening to any plot that may be carrying on against you in the stable below. Such are the comforts of a Turkish han; which, in comparison with a Spanish venta, or a Sicilian posada, is a perfect paradise!’

At Argos, Mr. H. observed, that—

‘The unmarried Albanian girls bear their marriage portions upon their heads—their skull-caps, made of scarlet cloth, are surrounded with rows of Turkish paras, piastres, and other coins, like scales; sometimes, straps ornamented in a similar manner fasten the cap under the chin, and their long plaits of hair hanging down the back are seen glittering with this nuptial treasure; so that they have the appearance of Amazonian warriors prepared for combat: amongst the more opulent classes, alternate rows of Venetian sequins and other gold coins are interwoven amidst the silver. It is incredible what a degree of fatigue the poor peasant girl will undergo to add a single para to this store, or what privations she will endure rather than diminish it by that mite. All her hopes of settlement in life depend upon the completion of the dowry—no beauty, no attachment, however fervent, will hasten the bridal day—imperious custom has so ordered it, that Plutus must precede, or Hymen will not follow. In the midst of these erratic treasures, may frequently be found the most valuable coins of ancient Greece, given to them by friends and relations on their birth-days and other festivals, or picked up by themselves after rain amongst the ruins. A traveller has no better chance of increasing his collection than by application to the head-quarters of these Albanian damsels: the sum generally offered is so superior to the intrinsic value of the medal, that they seldom hesitate in making the exchange, though sometimes no entreaties, no bribes will induce them: the reason of this obstinacy is that they regard the legend impressed upon the coin as an amulet or charm like the celebrated Ephesian letters of antiquity, powerful in driving away evil spirits and averting the influence of diseases. I purchased a very beautiful coin of the Opuntian Locri from off the head of an Argive girl, but though I offered another the sum of four dollars for a Macedonian medal of Alexander the Great, she obstinately refused it.’

At Athens, Mr. Hughes found his friend and future fellow traveller, Mr. Cockerell, just recovering from a terrible fever. Here he visited the temple of Theseus,—

‘This beautiful monument, erected by a grateful people to a patriotic prince, remains, after the lapse of 2000 years, a perfect model of the architectural art; but in this delicious climate, time, unaided by barbarism, seems almost powerless in destruction; here only the zephyrs breathe; our desolating northern blasts, contracting frosts, and penetrating thaws, are rarely felt.

‘The temple is built of pure Pentelic marble polished to the last degree, and its blocks are so accurately adjusted as to deceive the nail and resist the force of earthquakes, whose tremendous power is still visible in the fabric. From the state of a pagan temple it was converted into a Christian church, and dedicated to St. George; but the fine sculpture in its metopes and frieze was broken by that iconoclastic zeal whose bigot fury endeavoured to destroy the arts by confounding them with idolatry. It has now become a classic and most appropriate mausoleum for the interment of those unfortunate travellers who, by a cruel fate, expire so far from their native land. If the bitterness of that fate could be alleviated by the magnificence of sepulture and the religion of the place, this consolation, at least, is not denied them. Our accomplished and lamented countryman, Tweddell, was for many years the sole occupant of this superb sepulchre: his remains were deposited here by the interest of Monsieur Fauvel, in whose arms he breathed his last.

‘The impression made by that interesting traveller upon the mind of his friend was still vivid and fresh: he could not speak of him without emotion, and the tears ran down his cheek one day when he recounted to the author the circumstances of his lamented death. He had formed, partly from a cast and partly from memory, a very beautiful bust of Tweddell, and was engaged at this time in taking a copy of it: the countenance had a pensive but engaging physiognomy.’

There is nothing very attractive in the Athenian girls. A Grecian damsel of sixteen is frequently angelical; at twenty, she becomes plain, and in five years more frightfully ugly. There is no transition, as with us, from the light beauty of the girl to the mature graces of the matron and the venerable dignity of old age; the face of a sylph becomes almost at once transformed into a Gorgon's head. The Grecian females, though not accomplished, possess a considerable degree of elegance in their address and manners, but the cultivation of the substantial graces of the mind is wholly neglected.

Mr. Hughes is quite enthusiastic in his praise of the Parthenon, which sinks every other edifice of antiquity into insignificance; he condemns the ruthless spoliation of Lord Elgin, who, in his avidity for plunder, carried off parts of little comparative value, but which helped to sustain the fabric, thus exposing the venerable structure to premature ruin. The cost of the original edifice was 1000 talents, a sum nearly equal to 200,000*l.* sterling, at a time when money was of about twenty times greater value than it is now; the marble was procured from every mountain in the vicinity of Athens; the drudgery work was performed by slaves, and artists worked for glory and the love of their country.

While Mr. H. remained at Athens, Baron Stackelberg was taken by pirates, and only released by a ransom of 10,000 piastres. The account which the Baron gave of the wretches is curious:—

‘They were composed of outlaws and villains from every part of Greece, the very dregs of society in a country where humanity is not a virtue either generally admired or practised. They were mostly Turks, but with the most imperfect knowledge of the mussulman faith: in the hour of danger, they had recourse to all kinds of superstition, but when secure, they indulged in the most horrid blasphemies. In their bark, a light was always kept burning before a picture of the virgin, and in storms they vowed the dedication of wax tapers to St. Nicholas, the Neptune of modern Greece, in a church dedicated to that saint upon an island which they sometimes visited; these vows they religiously performed. In the day-time, they generally drew their bark ashore, covering it with rushes, and at night they made their excursions. With regard to any prize they captured, if it were money, they divided it immediately among the gang, if goods which were portable, they put them up to sale amongst themselves. For this purpose, poor Baron Stackelberg saw his trunks rifled and emptied: he was obliged to tell them the prime cost of every article, which was disposed of to the highest bidder. When they came to his firman and other writings, in the Turkish language, which, however, they could not read, they kissed them and applied them to their foreheads in token of submission to the Grand Signor.

‘So great is the terror caused by these villains, that they are seldom resisted: the unfortunate vessels which fall in their way generally submit at once, or run ashore if they happen to be near the land, when the crew endeavour to effect their escape. An occurrence of this kind took place during Baron Stackelberg's captivity. A vessel, rather than be taken, ran a-ground, and the unfortunate sailors climbed the rocks to avoid their pursuers. An old man, less active than the rest, being shot at and wounded, was captured and carried back for the purpose of slavery. One of the miscreants who pursued the others, being foiled in his endeavours, as if to cool his thirst for blood, seized a poor goat that was quietly grazing near him, and cutting its throat with his ataghan, threw the bleeding carcass down the rocks.’

Among the customs of the modern Greeks, the following is not the least singular:—

‘When a man of revengeful disposition has received, or

fancies he has received a serious injury from his neighbour, and is unwilling to seek redress by the ordinary modes, he betakes himself to build up a curse against his adversary in the form of a round barrow or mound of stones, laying some large ones for a foundation, and leaving room enough for his relatives or friends, or any passing traveller who may take an interest in his cause, to add a pebble to his anathema. He then solemnly calls upon the Fates to shower down every species of calamity upon the head of the offender, and not unfrequently joins the arch fiend, the author of all evil, in his energetic invocation. Sometimes it happens that an accident from the pistol or ataghan of a Turk, or a malaria fever, takes off the devoted victim, most opportunely for the anathematizer, who is then regarded with a species of reverential awe by the neighbourhood, and esteemed as a person under the special influence of divine protection.’

The Turks in their own families retain a species of patriarchal authority, which is still generally acknowledged among other orientals; an awful instance of its execution occurred about a month prior to the arrival of our traveller at Athens; he says,—

‘The story was related to me of an aged venerable Turk, whom I frequently had remarked on account of his long white beard, sitting at the entrance of the principal bath of which he is the proprietor. The only daughter of this person was a woman of exquisite beauty, but faithless to her marriage vows: the impropriety of her conduct was frequently represented to her by her friends, but without avail; her incontinence became notorious and a matter of public scandal: once more, the dreadful consequences to which such a course of life would inevitably lead, were intimated to her; but this warning, like the other, was ineffectual. Her father then determined upon the last terrible expedient of obliterating so foul a stain from the honour of his family. Accompanied by his own son, he entered the apartment of this unfortunate creature in the dead of night: the light of a solitary lamp shewed them the object of their visit, reposing in a calm and tranquil slumber, as beautiful as an angel, and apparently as innocent: the brother started back, and would have retreated, but was recalled by his father's stern command: this incident awoke the unhappy criminal, who immediately foresaw their intent and began to plead for mercy: she clasped the knees of her aged parent, and implored his forgiveness, by the memory of her mother his beloved wife, but in vain; the fount of mercy was now closed: not a word either of pity or reproach was returned: she was thrown back upon the divan, and her last prayers for mercy were stifled by her executioners under the cushions of the sofa.

‘This action was made quite public, but no cognizance taken of it by any authorities: the people were all convinced of its equity, and the murderer of his child seemed to lose the feelings of remorse in the satisfaction made to violated honour.’

We conclude our notice for the present week with the author's account of an introduction to the Albanian Chief, Ali Pacha, whose cruelties have given him an ignominious celebrity, and whose resistance to the Ottoman power is now the subject of much speculation:—

‘As we approached the audience chamber, I felt my heart palpitate at the thought of entering into the presence of a being who had long held so dire a sway over the destinies of his fellow mortals, and whose steps in his dark career were marked indelibly by the stain of blood! At the entrance of his apartment stood several Albanian guards, one of whom opened the door, and we marched into the room saluting the vizir as we entered, who sat upon a lion's skin at an angle of the divan, handsomely but not superbly dressed: a band of gold lace which bound the scarlet cap upon his head, a broad belt of the same material which passed round his waist, and the pommel of his handjar glittering with diamonds, alone denoted the

man of exalted rank: a houka stood near him which he is rather fond of exhibiting, as the use of it shews a considerable strength of lungs. As soon as we were seated upon the divan, he returned our salutation by placing his right hand upon his breast with a gentle inclination of his head, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing us in his capital. He then asked if we spoke Romaic. Colonel Church, though an excellent linguist, for political reasons pretended total ignorance of the language; Mr. Cockerell, from his intimate acquaintance with the manners of the Turks, who admire reserve in youth, dissembled his true knowledge, whilst Mr. Parker and myself confessed an ignorance which our short residence in Greece had not yet enabled us to overcome: but, at this moment, I made a firm determination that I would use all possible diligence in acquiring so necessary a vehicle of communication with this interesting personage. In the present instance, Mr. Foresti acted as interpreter general. At a first introduction, it could not be expected that we should acquire much insight into the character of this pasha: my own attention was directed chiefly to the contemplation of his countenance, and this is in general no index of his mind. Here it is very difficult to find any traces of that blood-thirsty disposition, that ferocious appetite for revenge, that restless and inordinate ambition, that inexplicable cunning, which has marked his eventful career: the mien of his face, on the contrary, has an air of mildness in it; his front is open, his venerable white beard descending over his breast gives him a kind of patriarchal appearance, whilst the silvery tones of his voice, and the familiar simplicity with which he addresses his attendants, strongly aid the deception. He appears as he is described by the animated bard—

— “A man of war and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.”

Childe Harold, p. 91.

‘Still after very attentive consideration, I thought, I could perceive certain indications of cruelty and perfidy beneath his grey eyebrows, with marks of deep craftiness and policy in the lineaments of his forehead; there was something sarcastic in his smile, and even terrible in his laugh. His address was engaging, his figure very corpulent, although it is said to have been graceful in his youth; as his stature is rather below the middle size, and his waist long in proportion, he appears to greatest advantage as we now saw him seated on the divan, or on horseback: but the print annexed will give a much better idea of his personal appearance than any other representation could hope to do.

‘Soon after our entrance, some young boys, dressed in rich garments with their fine hair flowing over their shoulders, presented us with pipes, whose amber heads were ornamented with jewels: others brought us coffee in small china cups with golden soucups. Our conversation was very desultory. The vizir paid many handsome compliments to our country, assuring us that he should always feel happy whilst his territories afforded objects of curiosity and interest to his English friends. We assured him in return, that the theatre of his exploits, would long continue to attract the regards, not only of the English but all other nations. He seemed pleased at the compliment, inquired with much apparent interest respecting Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, asked us how long we had left Athens, whether any discoveries had been made there lately by excavations, and mentioned the pleasure which his son Vely Pasha had received by his visit to that beautiful city. Observing that I was somewhat incommoded by sitting close to an immense fire piled with logs of wood upon the hearth, he directed an Albanian attendant to place a large metal pan before me in lieu of a screen, saying—“Young men require no fire at all; when I was young, I lived upon the mountains in the midst of snows and exposed to storms, with my toupheki on my shoulder and my Albanian capote, but I never cared for the cold.” He then turned to Colonel Church with an air

of the greatest affability, for whatever displeasure he may feel internally, he can mask it by the most complete veil of hypocrisy, and expressed his hopes that he would stay at least a month with him in Ioannina: this invitation was politely declined under plea of military orders, which obliged the Colonel to leave Albania next day: upon this, the vizir requested another conference with him in the morning before his departure, and addressing himself to us, said, he hoped he should see us frequently, adding, in the true style of oriental hyperbole, that his palace and all he possessed must be considered as our own. The conference was now broken up and we departed.’

Among the many excellent engravings with which this work is embellished, there is one of Ali Pasha drawn by Mr. Cockerell.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Fancy: A Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law. With a brief Memoir of his Life. 12mo. pp. 107. London, 1820.

WE cannot say with a cotemporary reviewer, ‘we knew and loved the late Peter Corcoran well.’ An acquaintance with the gentlemen of the ‘Fancy’ is an honour we have not yet attained;—the celebrated pugilists are unknown to us,—we have not the *entrée* at Belcher’s or Cribb’s (though perhaps we might obtain it);—we never visited the gymnasium in St. Martin’s Street, or Windmill Street, nor did we ever explore the classic ground of Moulsey Hurst or Wormwood Scrubbs.

After such an acknowledgement of our ignorance, we shall, no doubt, be set down as very ignorant of life, and very incapable of judging of Mr. Peter Corcoran and his poems. We are, however, fond of a clever work, whether it be the production of a titled bard, or a frequenter of the Fives’ Court, and it is the merit of Mr. Peter Corcoran’s poems, and not his taste for pugilism, that has induced us to select them for review.

Our readers will perhaps suspect that Peter Corcoran is an ideal character; if so, they are right. It is one of those literary deceptions for which this age has become celebrated, but it is supported with such infinite humour, develops so much character, is so justly and smartly satirical, and, on the whole, possesses so much real merit, that every one will readily forgive the cheat. Since the publication of the ‘Rejected Addresses’ (with the author of which, we suspect, this work may claim some acquaintance,) and the ‘Fudge Family in Paris,’ we have not seen a more clever and facetious production. But to the work itself.

Peter Corcoran (we are told in the memoir,) was born of respectable parents at Shrewsbury, in 1794, and, for his education, placed in the free school of that town, where ‘he was permitted, at a very early age, to mingle with the world in little—to tear grammars, break bounds, and pilfer orchards, and to fight nearly as soon as he could walk.’ Young Corcoran was never very much addicted to what he slangily termed ‘the hard meat of the classics,’ but he was never idle,—‘he was soon descried and allowed to be a better lampooner of his school fellows, if his spleen was provoked, and to be an able celebrator of youthful and heroic achievements, whenever they called for a song.’ The school days, however, of young Corcoran were soon over; with him, ‘there was little variety in the events of

each week,—the school—the play ground—the fields—the night—the window—the tree—the dark wall—and the deep river;—these made up his existence.' On quitting Shrewsbury, he entered himself at Oxford, where 'the innocent vices of his boyhood were exchanged for the deeper failings of advanced years.' From the college he was transferred to London, and entered a student of Gray's Inn. He soon formed an attachment to a young lady, the sister of his friend, 'and it may be supposed that he looked more into her face than the Lord Chancellor's, and that he turned the curls on her forehead oftener than the leaves of Coke.' His passion for versifying predominated over his taste for the law:—

'Corcoran now wrote poetry vehemently, and flamed in the gorgeous pages of *La Belle Assemblée*, or pined in the sober and pensive columns of the *Gentleman's*. The magazines felt the ardour or the melancholy of his hand, month after month: and he has often said that nothing could equal the rapture,—the pride, with which he perused his own productions, reading over and over, with solitary glory,—"Lines to a Lady weeping," or "Verses on hearing Miss — sing!"

About this time, the young lady went on a visit to a friend in Kent, and Peter was driven by the eagerness and natural enthusiasm of his mind to seek in other pursuits new pleasures. It was in August 1817, that young Corcoran strayed by chance into the Fives' Court, to witness a sparring exhibition, and he immediately became enamoured of the *science*. His letters were now less devoted to the cause of love; he passed evening after evening at Belcher's house. The songs which he wrote on this beloved topic were sung with rapture, and he never missed witnessing a fight. The law was neglected,—he drank, betted, and sung,—wrote descriptions of boxing matches to the lady, who properly reproved him for it; but Peter replied in terms which deepened his offence: *Ecce signum*,—

"MY DEAR KATE,—I assure you I am not *fibbing*, when I say, I regret that my last letter proved so severe a *punisher* to you. You have, however, *returned upon* me pretty smartly. You have quite *hit me off* my pugilistic legs,—*doubled* me and my letter up at a *blow*,—and actually *floored* me. And though (as this may serve to show) you have not altogether 'taken the fight out of me,' yet you see I come very languidly *up to the scratch*; and this will be in all probability the last round in which I shall present myself before you in a *milting* attitude. You are *too much* for me. I am but a *light weight*, and you carry too much *gravity*. My *rallyings* are of no use. If I make a *good hit*, it does not *tell* upon you. You are too well *guarded*. I waste my wits and my wind to no purpose: if I try to *plant* a *tickler* upon your *ribs* that shall *shake your sides*, you laugh *at me*, instead of *with me*; and finally put in a *write-hander* upon me *by the post*, that disables my *jaw* and *drops* me. There is no *standing up* against such a *rum customer* as you are. So I shall in future keep myself out of the way of such *punishment*.

'Alas, for poor *fancy*—If her flowers meet with so nipping a reception in the neighbourhood of her own *Moulsey*, she may as well, (like Lord Castlereagh's crocodile,) put her hands into her breeches pockets, or turn them to any thing else, rather than double them into fists. She had better at once cut down her *gloves* into mittens, and put her fingers into *rings*, instead of going into them herself."

On the return of the young lady to town, differences naturally arose between the lovers on his altered habits. Peter's health rapidly declined,—his mistress declined an interview with him,—and he died without a struggle, 'just after writing a sonnet to *West Country Dick*.'

We now proceed to the works of the unfortunate Corcoran. These, we are told, are but a small portion of those left in MS. by Peter, but, if this little volume should be well received by the public, the editor may be induced to offer what Addison has happily called 'more last words by Mr. Baxter.'

The first piece is 'King Tims the First, an American tragedy,' founded on a disastrous event which occurred in the back settlements of North America. Corcoran does not profess to be the author of this drama, but says, he received it from an American bookseller. His observations on the supposed author contain such a satirical but happy description of living poets, that we cannot but transfer it to our pages:—

'Whoever the author may be, he has the merit of starting as the literary Adam of the settlements:—the first of men among the poets of the Illinois;—a sucking dramatist on the shores of the Ohio! There are too many "marks of favour" in the work, to warrant the supposition that any person living on the banks of that trading and strapping stream of Castaly, the Thames, could have fabricated it; and I do not think any of *my* countrymen would have gone so far for a *catch* though they are said by their neighbours to be liable to *exportation* for things of perhaps a minor value. It is much easier to say to whom this little work does *not* belong, than to name any living author whose brain could have bred it. It is not sombre, egotistical, lofty, or licentious enough for Lord Byron:—it is not gay, chivalrous, and wonderful enough for Walter Scott. Moore would have said something about roses, or Ireland, or Lord Castlereagh in it:—Rogers would have written nothing about butchers or Tothill Fields. Coleridge would have left it unfinished, or *gloomed* it with metaphysical lore:—Wordsworth, the man "not ungently made," would have turned it to a preparatory school for the brain's poor children, and put a pedlar into it, to talk a linsey-woolsey philosophy in uninhabited woods. If Southey had been the author, the piece would have been longer and more sanctified. It is too genteel for Crabbe, and Montgomery is no *dab* at a bull bait. I cannot count it out into sonnets, as a cheesemonger parcels out his halfpence on a Saturday night, or I might discover that Mr. Bowles was concerned in the work: and there is no fling at Buonaparte, nor any mention of Britain's glory, to call Fitzname in question. Dr. Busby, also, is too busy in picking out damnable comedies for Mr. Elliston, or rather, as my "learned friend," Mr. Sugden, more correctly terms him, for the "Great Lessee," to allow of his poetical indulgences. Indeed, I may put the negative on any name, and pretty safely; but I have no means of "giving the world assurance of a man," to whom it may ascribe this little versified American history. There is a delicate modesty in the work, which can only be found in the dawn of a country's poetry. There is no mercenary mark in any line. In England, the muses evidently beat out their compositions into profitable lengths, making one line for love, and a dozen for money; they will even sell, like the dealers in Irish linen, a single piece: and Apollo now-a-days impudently smacks his breeches' pocket in the publisher's face, and sells by weight. Here we plainly see a devotion to fame, and a total forgetfulness of pounds, shillings, and pence.'

The story of the tragedy may be told in few words:—Tims, late a butcher on Dowgate Hill, with his wife and son; Hatband, an undertaker; Mr. Jenkinsop, (lately ruined,) his wife and daughter, emigrate to the back settlements. Tims assumes royalty, and makes Hatband his Prime Minister; but falling jealous of Queen Tims and Mr. Jenkinsop, and being rather partial to Mrs. Jenkinsop himself, their intrigues become discovered to each other. King Tims, with a 'steel dirk made out of an old steel,' stabs himself, his friend, and the two spouses, and

thus ends this 'strange eventful story.' From this drama, we shall only select part of one scene, between Anthony Tims and Jemima Jenkinsop. We need not premise that they are a pair of lovers:—

A. T. Pure are the lives we lead here; and a stress
We lay upon our grand and antique dress!

Miss J. We're pure, indeed!—no snow in June is purer:
Your virtue, Tims, is sure—but mine is surer!

A. T. No thought pulls up the vent-peg of my mind,
To let in air that is not quite refin'd.

I think in saintly order—snowy Miss!
Give to my icy lips a virgin kiss. [*Salutes her smartly.*]

'Sbobs! I declare, it does not smack amiss.

But strangers come: we'll pair away like members.

The flame of love awakens in its embers!

J. J. Your clothes are spare—the very moulds peep out,
And jaded button-holes* let their tenants out;

I see your elbows, Prince! aye, through that bare rent!

A. T. True, true, Jemima!—I am heir *Apparent*!

Go, go—I follow—couples come this way—

I will but meditate:—nor longer stay.—

Than just to sigh—it is my sighing day!

[*Exit Miss J. J.*]

A. T. [*alone*]

Divine philosophy, with *Euclid*† eyes
And *Newton*‡ hair, and—I philosophise!

And yet—so let me reason as I may,

I can't forget an early chaunt,—a lay,—

Though what's the use of wisdom in a wood?—

Oh! sophisms are a bore in solitude!

I'm all alone—morality be light!

Let frisky memory chaunt of old delight!

SONG.

I've had my sport at Tothill Fields;

I've sunn'd myself at gooseberry fair;

And all the *lark* that Greenwich yields,

Has fallen to my Easter share:

I've shy'd with stick, to win a bit

The *backy-box* of brown japan;

And shin, and pin, and box I've hit;

And often pitch'd, and *broke* the man!

I've loung'd at dog-fights—noiseless scene!

A *half-bred*‡ betwixt calf and calf;

I've blown a gentle cloud§, I ween,

Over my gentler half-and-half||!

A bait hath given me rich delight,

While loud would rise the rapturous shout,

When brute with brute began to fight,

And horns were in, and bowels out!

I've watch'd the bruiser's winning art,

To lure his friend into his arms;

And punch his head with all his heart,

Commingle all the face's charms:—

* 'This word must be spoken of a lump, trippingly off the tongue, out of respect to the measure. Mr. Bayes's directions to *Lightning*, as to his manner of uttering his own name, might here be quoted; but the book is not at hand.'

† 'I cannot at all guess at the meaning of these allusions. This passage is rather metaphysical. I may say, with old Doyley, "Ah! this must be deep, for I don't understand it!"'

‡ 'A brute, half terrier and half bull-dog,—partaking of the sharpness and alacrity of the one, and of the courage and obstinacy of the other. This creature is reckoned the best mixture for a fighter.'

§ 'Blowing a cloud is the poetry of smoking a pipe. Vide the *Blue Posts*—the *Nag's Head*—the *Castle*, &c.'

|| 'The marriage of porter and ale—or porter and stout.'

I've watch'd the seconds pat and nurse
Their man; and seen him put to bed,
With twenty guineas in his purse,
And not an eye within his head*!

At rowing matches have I been,

Where naked bodies tug for coats;

And Bankside beauties have I seen,

Sit drinking rum in little boats:

And oft on Sundays, scorning land,

With braces loosen'd from the breech;

I've pull'd a girl, with blister'd hand

And bleeding heart, through Chelsea Reach!

Long at Fate's E O table, I

Have play'd, and met at last a loss;

Gone *odd or even*† with the sky,

And tried the sea at *pitch and toss*:—

But all is over,—here I am,—

My days go *five in nine* for food;

And I can have no other game,

But playing *hazard* in a wood!

Dull Innocence! I waddle on,—

Thy weary worshipper—and fain

Would give thee up, to be a Don,

And beat the watch in Drury Lane!

The air here feels no hats thrown up,

His dog no costermonger catches;—

Farewel to bull, and stake, and pup,—

And pipes, and gin, and rowing matches!

The next poem in this collection is 'the Fields of Tothill,' a fragment, in fifty-three stanzas, only one or two of which are devoted to Corcoran's favorite topic—pugilism. The minor poems consist of Stanzas to Kate, Peter Bell v. Peter Bell, Lines to Philip Samson the Brummagen youth; Sonnet on the Nonpareil; Stanzas, and What is Life.

One of these poems is rather severe on Mr. Wordsworth, but if it, or similar censures will prevent him from writing such productions as the one it satirizes, he ought to feel much obliged. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that about two years ago, the 'lake poet' announced a short poem, called Peter Bell, when a wag anticipated him by publishing one under a similar title, in which his style was so happily imitated, that when both were published it was difficult to know the 'real Simon Pure.' This was too good a subject to escape Corcoran's notice, as will be seen in the following:—

'PETER BELL, v. PETER BELL.

"A bidding, Ma'am, in two places."

GEORGE ROBIN.

Two Peters!—two Ballads!—two Bells!—

Ah, which is the serious poem?

The tales which simplicity tells,

Are the tales for my heart,—when I know 'em!

But the lyrics in these match so well,

And so like is the innocent metre,

That I'm bother'd to death with each Bell,

And lost between Peter and Peter.

* 'We had prepared a long note on pugilism and pugilists, but Mr. Shelton, to whom we submitted it, consulted Jack Randall and Bob Burns on the subject, and they are unanimous in opinion, that it is too erudite for these pages. It will, therefore, be lengthened in matter, and corrected by these eminent men in the grammar and metaphors, and published in a book by itself.'

† 'Every gentleman who has sported his money will understand the games alluded to in this stanza.'

Will no one in tenderness lend
A clue to the positive story?—
Or some wretch, in the shape of a friend,
May waddle away with the glory.

Since my mind must some notion be gleaning,
I'll venture the verses to class:—
The burlesque,—by its having a meaning;—
The Real,—by its having an Ass.

I pity simplicity's poet,—
I pity its tradesmen in town;—
'Tis a dead drug, and few so well know it,
As L—, H—, R—, O—, and B—.

The last poem contains so satirical and forcible a description of the life of our modern fashionables, that we shall need no apology for inserting the whole of it:—

WHAT IS LIFE?

INES TO —

'And do you ask me "what is Life?"—
And do you ask me "what is pleasure?"—
My muse and I are not at strife,
So listen, lady, to my measure:
Listen amid thy graceful leisure,
To what is Life,—and what is pleasure.
'Tis Life to see the first dawn stain
With fallow light the window pane:—
To dress—to wear a rough drab coat,
With large pearl buttons all afloat
Upon the waves of plush:—To tie
A kerchief of the king-cup dye,
(White spotted with a small bird's eye,)
Around the neck,—and from the nape
Let fall an easy fan-like cape:—
To quit the house at morning's prime,
At six or so—about the time
When watchmen, conscious of the day,
Puff out their lanthorn's rushlight ray;—
Just when the silent streets are strewn
With level shadows, and the moon
Takes the day's wink, and walks aside
To nurse a nap till eventide.
'Tis Life to reach the livery stable,
Secure the ribbons and the day-bill,
And mount a gig that had a spring
Some summers back;—and then take wing
Behind, (in Mr. Hamlet's tongue,)
A jade, whose "withers are unwrung;"
Who stands erect, and yet forlorn,
And, from a half-pay life of corn,
Shewing as many points each way,
As Martial's Epigrammata;
Yet who, when set a going, goes
Like one undestined to repose.
'Tis Life to revel down the road,
And queer each o'er-fraught chaise's load;
To rave and rattle at the gate,
And shower upon the gatherer's pate
Damns by the dozens, and such speeches
As well betoken one's slang riches:—
To take of Deady's bright stark naked
A glass or so,—'tis Life to take it!
To see the *Hurst* with tents encampt on;
Lurk around Lawrence's at Hampton:
Join the *Rash* crowd, (the horse being led
Into the yard, and clean'd, and fed;)
Talk to Dav' Hudson, and Cy' Davis,
(The last a fighting *rara avis*,)
And, half in secret, scheme a plan
For taking the hardy *Gas-light Man*.

'Tis Life to cross the laden ferry,
With boon companions, wild and merry,
And see the ring upon the *Hurst*
With carts encircled—hear the burst
At distance, of the eager crowd.—

Oh, it is Life! to see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. C. stakes and ropes,—
Throw in his hat, and with a spring
Get gallantly within the ring;
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a smile;
To see him strip,—his well train'd form,
White, glowing, muscular, and warm,
All beautiful in conscious power,
Relax'd and quiet, till the hour;
His glossy and transparent frame,
In radiant plight to strive for fame!
To look upon the clean'd shap'd limb
In silk and flannel clothed trim;—
While round the waist the kerchief tied,
Makes the flesh glow in richer pride.
'Tis more than Life,—to watch him hold
His hand forth, tremulous yet bold,
Over his second's, and to clasp
His rival's in a quiet grasp;
To watch the noble attitude
He takes,—the crowd in breathless mood;—
And then to see, with adamant start,
The muscles set,—and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye,—and then,—the FIGHT!

After what we have already said, it would be a work of superogation to add another word in praise of this volume; but, in ranking it with the first of humorous and satirical productions, we are confident we only anticipate the public opinion.

A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, and other French Princes of the Blood, drawn up by the Imperial Council of State, with the Approbation and under the Personal Superintendence of the Emperor Napoleon. 8vo, pp. 161. London, 1820.

ALTHOUGH we were 'complimented with an anticipatory inspection' of this work, sufficiently early to have noticed it in our last, yet as it forms no part of our plan to review books before they are published, we deferred it until the present number. To say that it is a highly curious work is by no means sufficient; it is equally interesting, as developing more correctly than has hitherto been done, the real character of Napoleon. Whatever hue this might assume, from the varied circumstances in which he was placed at different periods of his life, (and man is too much the creature of circumstances,) he here stands before us unmasked, and exhibits himself in the being he would form his son.

As 'tis education forms the common mind, or, as Dryden justly says,—

'Children, like tender ozers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone;

So nothing can be more important, than that their education should commence at an early age, and be peculiarly adapted to the rank of the individual, and to the situation he may be destined to fill in society.

It is by no means an unusual thing for monarchs to draw up the plan on which their sons should be brought up; and if Bonaparte had wished the infant King of Rome to be virtuous as well as great, he might have found a system calculated to render him both, in the History of France. We allude to the plan of education adopted by the illustrious Fenelon, when he was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy.

This subject brings to our recollection the instructions given by our Edward the Fourth to the Bishop of Rochester and Earl Rivers, for the care of his son. There is a copy of these instructions in the MS. papers of Anthony Bacon, Esq., in the Archiepiscopal Library of Lambeth Palace, and as they are very curious, we shall briefly notice them. We are very far from thinking them calculated for the education of princes at the present day,—the difference of three centuries and a half render it impossible; for instance, we should not require a prince to hear mass in his own room every morning, and then 'to proceed to his chapel or closet to hear mass there;' and it might be rather inconvenient for the household of a prince, in the nineteenth century, to dine at ten o'clock in the morning, and sup at four in the afternoon; yet such were the positive instructions of King Edward, in 1473. The following *items* of instructions are not, however, liable to similar objections: that the prince, between his breakfast and his *meat*, be 'occupied in such virtuous learning as his age shall suffer to receive,' and,

'That there be read before him such noble stories as behoveth to a prince to understand and know; and that the communication at all times in his presence, be of virtue, honour, cunning, wisdom, and deeds of worship; and of nothing that should move or stir him to vice.'

'Item, we will, that after his meat, in eschewing of idleness, he be occupied about his learning, and after, in his presence, be shewed all such convenient disports and exercises, as behoveth his estate to have experience in.'

The King was not less anxious about the 'sons of noble lords and gentlemen being in the household of his son, whom he directs to 'hear their mass, and be virtuously brought up and taught in grammar, music, or other cunning exercises of humanity, and in no wise be suffered in idleness or in unvirtuous occupation.'

If the next order of King Edward were to be enforced at the present day, it would certainly create a great number of vacancies at court.

'Item, we will that no person, man nor woman, being within our said son's household, be customable swearer, brawler, backbiter, common hazarder, adulterer, nor use the words of ribaldry, and especially in the presence of our said son.'

So much for the education of an English prince, in the middle of the fifteenth century. We will now return to that of Buonaparte, in the work before us. The writer of the preface, speaking of the means resorted to in order to perpetuate the race of Napoleon, says,—

'All the branches of his family were to be governed by particular laws. They were to depend on him alone. A system of education, the result of long debate and mature deliberation in the imperial council, was drawn up for the infant King of Rome and the other princes of the blood; and this system, in its original state, is now submitted to public opinion.'

'When the imperial family was obliged to abdicate the throne, the manuscript, with a great variety of state papers

and original documents, that had been deposited at St. Cloud, fell into the hands of a gentleman, who has enriched his country with many things of a similar nature; and we may venture to affirm, that it is the most extraordinary system of education that has ever appeared in print. The style proves the source from which it sprung. It is often luminous, and sometimes obscure, as if the government had an object in view, which it wished to conceal. It paints Napoleon in his true colours, and lets us see into the inmost recesses of his soul, by completely unveiling the mystery, which has so long enveloped his political character.'

This is, on the whole, a very heterogeneous production, displaying sometimes a proper knowledge of the subject of education, and inculcating principles which all must admire; then darting forth into silly rhapsodies and impious comparisons. We will, without further introduction, select a few passages illustrative of the writer's opinion on a variety of subjects, premising that there is little doubts of the work having been drawn up under the immediate eye of Napoleon:—

'*Religion*.—Man requires a future: whatever some may say, it is necessary to him. A throne is not sufficient to fill the mind of a King; and it is because he perceives a void, that he is either restless, or falls asleep on it.

'A future is necessary to glory as well as to wretchedness, to those who suffer, as well as to those who are happy; but what is futurity? merely an abyss of doubts, a word without meaning, unless religion give it one, by filling the heart of man with a hope that satisfies his desires.

'This is the fire concealed in the embers; but let us place no fuel on it. We will say, however, with the law, that every religion professing to believe in a God, ought to be protected; and the more so, as the God of a nation arrived at maturity is no longer the God of its youth.

'Barbarous, when man was a barbarian, he was a God of wrath, to be appeased only by human victims. Did men's manners soften? their Deity too became more mild, and was no longer a God of wrath, but a God of goodness, satisfied with a contrite heart. Time at length reveals the true God, the God who pardons.

'Such is, and always will be, the course of man in time; it is the noblest fruit of his improved reason, and most evident sign of his perfectibility.'

'*Inordinate Vanity*.—*Adulation*.—A King of the blood of Napoleon, proud of the genius to which he owes his royalty, ought to find no less gratification in the being supported, directed, and governed by that genius.'

'Power alone can create power; the mind of Napoleon alone is capable of reproducing itself in his descendants. Who would dare to attempt a work so sacred and lofty, were he not sustained by his hand.'

'It is the mind of the pupil, therefore, to which he [the preceptor] will henceforward attend, with that instinctive love of youth, and for the blood of Napoleon, that cannot be feigned, that cannot be imitated, and the absence of which nothing can supply.'

'*Impiety*.—'In the empire exercised by God over kings, the principles ought to be found, which shall regulate the education of the princes of the blood of Napoleon, formed at once to obey and to command. It is necessary they should yield obedience to him as to God, since it is God who conducts him.'

'Napoleon is the Jupiter, who equally disposes of a blade of grass, and the most solemn award of justice, each in its due time.'

'God and the emperor will calm this stormy period, [between the ages of sixteen and eighteen] if he have been taught from infancy to bow at their names.'

'What a resource in the education of our princes, we have in two altars and two majesties, that form the soul of it! a divine majesty and a human majesty, invisible and visible at

the same time, rewarding and punishing in time and eternity.'

Fear of Death.—'Men of celebrity have imputed to the fear of death all the evils of life; and I am much inclined to think them in the right. At any rate it is certain, that the fear of death prevents our enjoying life; though it would be the highest wisdom to enjoy it till death, and even far into death, as Montaigne advises.'

'Be this as it may, as soon as your pupil ceases to be an infant, delay no longer to let drop, as in play, a few words on this inevitable consequence of life; recur to it repeatedly, increasing gradually the force of your expressions; and, if your pupil's frame of body second you, contempt of death will become the most habitual, as well as the most profound sentiment of his generous mind.'

Kingly Duties.—'Princes, born to command, learn how men are to be commanded.'

'The intelligence of an age is the sum of the united intelligence of nations. But in proportion as the age and the nation are more enlightened, the more complex is the art of governing, and the more necessary it becomes, that princes should be well informed: nay, they require to be so much the better informed, because their counsellors, being more corrupt, will proportionably be more inclined to mislead them.'

'The progress of the arts, in every branch of government, demands a prince capable of long continued application, both in the field and in the cabinet.'

'But if application be irksome to him, from want of having been inured to it, his government will be reduced imperceptibly to the act of affixing his signature to the papers presented to him, which the *griffe* will contrive still to abridge: and as a man must do something, and the prince no longer does any thing but what tends to greater dissipation, he soon detests business, and is disgusted with what his dignity requires; and the throne shortly becomes the couch of indolence, on which the monarch slumbers, till he provokes the tocsin, by which he is awakened. Twenty years ago, the writer of these lines would have been thought a dreamer; but now their truth cannot be questioned.'

'Europe is tired of idle kings. The breath of life, with which Napoleon has inspired it, agitates its people and its monarchs: the people redouble their labour and industry; the monarchs seek knowledge and arms, to direct and defend them. Woe to him who remains indolent on his throne! The course of events will soon expel him from it.'

'Get knowledge then, princes, whose happiness depends on the prosperity of your people. Learn how to excite, and how to secure it.'

Languages.—'Of foreign languages, (with us the Italian and German,) I say nothing; it is the business of nurses to begin them, and of valets de chambre to go on with them; otherwise, time will be thrown away without any hope of success. We cannot do every thing: it may even be questioned, whether the language of Virgil and Horace should enter into the plan of a royal education. The voice of taste no doubt will exclaim against that austerity, which permits its study only to a memory of the happiest order, and in the easiest way; but are we to listen to taste alone?'

'If that spirit of conduct and action, which creates fortunes both small and great, and preserves them by order and labour, be most desirable in a King; do not those branches of knowledge, which inspire and unfold it, hold the foremost rank among those, which the royal infant ought to acquire?—Here the sciences put in their claim; and as, we must repeat, we cannot do every thing, let us husband the time and powers of our pupil; and, treating him as if he had his fortune to make or to improve, let us arm him with every kind of capacity, to meet every event. The languages! exclaim the many: but who has more ineptitude in business than the polyglot, whose instinct is chained down to words? The facility of acquiring languages, which so many fools admire, is at bottom nothing more than a brevet of ignorance and incapacity.'

The Sciences.—'The mathematics applied to tactics to gunnery, and to the art of fortification; some notions of the sphere, and a few of Plutarch's lives, will form a counterpoise to Virgil and Homer. But do not be alarmed at all this scientific apparatus: ability, and the space of three years, the three years from thirteen to sixteen, will afford you time enough to resolve into clear and distinct notions, all that a prince ought to know of them at his age. The only difficulty is, to lay their foundations in his understanding and memory, so as to be able to proceed farther, when the proper time arrives.'

'If I oppose the sciences to literature, to balance its effects; it is from being sensible of its charms and of its danger; it is because a prince, being the public reason embodied, ought to employ literature only as a salt for seasoning, and an elegance for embellishment.'

'Give a body to your lessons, that they may present an image to the mind. The reasoning vanishes, the image remains, and may be recalled when necessary. But would you have the impression last through life, call in the object itself to your assistance: give lessons on the sphere on some lofty station, lessons on the art of gunnery in a park of artillery, lessons on tactics in a camp; time may weaken, but will never efface them.'

'I exhibited the skies as an object of admiration to my pupil in his tenderest years, in order to lead him to what is great and beautiful. Already he has a perception of the magnificence of the world he inhabits; and, as he has an idea of numbers, I exhibited the grandeur of the universe to him, aided by all the analogies of science, and the conjectures of philosophy: I plunge him into this sea of immensity, confound him, drown him in it, if his heart be puffed up with the pride of his rank: but if he enjoy it, and his imagination spring through and beyond the numbers philosophers have conjectured, I discern his strength of mind, and give it the food of the strong.'

National Strength.—'The art of war is the art of kings; the art your pupil should study profoundly. Let him see how an army issues from the bosom of the earth, and let him honour the labours that produce it. If towns fabricate its arms and equipments, it is the country that supplies it with food; and it is the country alone that produces those vigorous soldiers, capable of enduring the fatigue of marches, and of resisting the vicissitudes of the seasons, and fashioned by the hand of a master to the most passive obedience. And thus he will learn to see in the tillers of the ground, the prosperity, abundance, and security of his dominions.'

'But to render this truth palpable, and initiate him at the same time in the principles of all good management, I would have him engage in the labours and calculations of a farm; interest himself in its prosperity; learn by it how great an influence the moral qualities of the man have on the state of things; how far temperance, how far coolness and prudence, how far the good employment of time, and above all, how far the art of directing workmen, ensure frugality of expenditure and increase of produce.'

'It is by entering thoroughly into the management of a farm, that his heart will be engaged in the business; and become interested in the fate of the husbandman, participate in his pleasures and in his pains. In fact, I would have him possess a thorough knowledge of every thing, from the palace to the cottage, from the war-horse to the ox that bears the yoke—and if, like the sovereigns of China, he should learn to till the ground, should actually hold the plough, where would be the inconvenience? the more he approximates to would be the inconvenience? the more he approximates to the man, the better and more worthy will be the prince. Let him portion the daughters of his farmer, let him go to their weddings, let him accompany their children to the font, and, if such a misfortune arrive, let him follow their aged parent to the grave.—What sentiments, what ideas, will he not acquire from such lessons?'

With the following precepts on obtaining a knowledge

of the world, and the conduct of a prince to his subjects, we conclude our extracts:—

“Speak, that I may see thee,” said an ancient sage. Make the man speak, whom you would know. Exercise yourself in the art of listening, that you may hereafter listen like a man of experience.

“Make him act, who cloaks himself and stands aloof; and judge of him by what he does. The heart of man is a well, the bottom of which no line can reach: but you may fathom it to a certain depth; and, when you have sounded it, instead of being alarmed at so many *whited sepulchres*, rejoice that you are able to discover them and know how to avoid them.

“But when, by chance or your own industry, you have found a man of an upright heart, and a noble mind, conceal your joy, dissemble your love; for heaven’s sake do not spoil him! The nothingness of man consists in his frailty.—Alas! whatever the sage may tell us, man stumbles more than seven times a day.

“Be no longer astonished, then, that history is no more than a lamentable tale of the misfortunes of mankind. Read it over again, and let the fruits of your reading be, to give breathing time to the people entrusted to your care. This is all that is required of a King, if man want but little, and that little enjoyed in peace.”

Such are a few of the leading features of the system of education prepared for the French princes, at St. Cloud, in 1812; but the work is too epigrammatic and desultory to give a very perfect idea of it in so short a space; we, therefore, recommend it to every one who wishes to be acquainted with the real character of one of the most extraordinary individuals of any age or country.

The work is embellished with a very fine portrait of the infant King of Rome, from an original miniature by Isabey.

Original Communications.

DESCRIPTION OF CANADA.

(Concluded from p. 426.)

THE commerce of the Canadas is important; its exports are chiefly lumber, some few skins, and a little flour; pot-ashes and lumber are the staple commodity. In return, we receive wines, spirits, groceries, manufactured articles of every possible description, and materials in a certain state of preparation. The agriculture of the Canadas scarcely supplies more than sufficient for their own consumption; the more potashes go away, the more land is cleared for useful purposes. The duties on imports are very trifling, and those are colonial duties; the British having taken off the whole or a great proportion of their duties from many or most of the articles sent to this country. There is a grand sawing mill near the falls of Montmorenci, (seven miles north of Quebec;) an iron-foundry at Trois Rivières; and, I believe, hats are made in Canada, but to no great extent, notwithstanding a duty laid on them, which makes an English good hat sell from eight to twelve dollars. With regard to the clearing of lands, it is found by experience, that tearing up the roots and stumps of trees injures the soil and increases the labour and expense. The most approved mode is to fell the trees at about three feet from the earth, which is done with great dexterity by labourers from the United States; to lop off the smaller branches, to saw the trunk up into lengths, if for burning, and to pile it in stacks; to draw the branches by a yoke of oxen together to a convenient

spot for burning, (which must be prepared with trenches, &c. according to law,) and after burning, to collect the ashes to be boiled up with water, for potashes. The ground, thus cleared of the larger incumbrances, is harrowed up between the trees, and a spade is used round the stumps; it will then yield a crop of potatoes: the influence of the sun and air gradually decays the trunks and roots of the trees, so much so, that in seven years there are no remains, (as I am informed,) of either, and each year the ground will produce something. But with respect to settling, the government ground appears not much in demand; those who have money may do well upon it, but much better by purchasing the fruits of other men’s labours on small compact farms; and those who have no money, can expect little else than to labour for this other class of settlers. The conditions, I believe, are not very onerous, but the price of labour sinks a small capitalist in difficulties for about two years. We had about 10,000 emigrants arrived last summer at Quebec; they all go to Upper Canada, which is quite a different climate; even at Montreal, one hundred and eighty miles from us, there are fine apples, (which scarcely grow here,) and other superior productions. I now proceed to notice more particularly some articles of commerce, &c.

Market Prices at Quebec.—In summer, when the shipping is here, and when the farmers are busy, meat, poultry, and vegetables are dear, *nearly twice* as much as in winter; because in winter the demand is less, and the supply infinitely greater, by reason of the snow, or winter roads, (tracks marked out by young fir trees, stuck into the snow at distances, across fields, hedges, ditches, &c. as soon as the first fall of snow,) being opened,—for the roads for wheel carriages are horribly bad; and the island of Orleans, more particularly, sends its productions to market. Present prices, or rather a month ago, they were, bread, per pound, 2d.; beef, per pound, 3d. to 4d.; veal,—3s. 6d. per quarter; a sheep, 8s. to 12s.; a goose, 4s.; a couple of turkeys, large animals, 6s. to 10s.; fowls, per couple, 20d. to 2s.; hares, per couple, 10d.; partridges, very fine, 2s. to 2s. 3d. each; pork, about 4½d. per pound; eggs, 12d. per dozen; salt cod, 1d. per pound; brandy, 8s. per gallon; rum, 6s. do.; gin, 7s. do.; Terneriffe wine, 6s. do.; Sherry and Madeira, rather more; Port, scarce and bad, 15s.; common tea, 4s. 6d. per pound; coffee, 2s. (raw;) loaf sugar, 11d.; muscovada, 9d.; other groceries, equally cheap. Fuel wood, 20s. per cord delivered at your door; cutting and putting up do. 2s. 6d.; coals, 35s. per chaldron, from Newcastle, &c. (ballast.)

House rent—very high; a small house, with suppose four or five apartments in all, and those very small, (an advantage in this country, for warmth,) per annum, 30l. to 40l.; but this is outside the gates. Houses, within the gates, are dearer.

Labour.—Mechanics, servants, and labourers of all descriptions, are somewhat dearer than in England.

Clothing and manufactures.—The price of labour influences greatly the value of clothing, which is *much* dearer than in England, except shoes and boots; these are about the same prices. But all manufactured goods bear a slight duty,—two-and-a-half per cent., I believe, only. But although it may be alleged, that goods are frequently sacrificed in the wholesale market, *money* is so scarce, that when the buyers get them home, the consumer is obliged to give them an exorbitant profit for his part.

Furniture.—Furniture, which is *made up* here from

packages of different members sent from England, such trashy things are dear and bad; and solid workmanship begun and completed here, is as dear, or more so, than in England.

Auctions—are held here almost continually; old but good articles of furniture are preferred to new; the heat of the stoves warps every new article in an extraordinary way, and old is consequently preferred, and sells rather higher. New articles of furniture, and piece goods, are sold by auction in endless variety, but generally sell to great advantage for the proprietor.

Current money of account.—The Spanish dollar is the standard of value; it passes current for 5s., and its $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, & parts, in proportion. French five-francs are current at 4s. 8d.; one-franc for 10d.; English shilling, 13d. But the place is full of coins of every nation, which have a value fixed by custom. **Gold coins**: the American eagle passes without weighing for ten dollars; guinea, 23s. 4d. But all gold, except American, is weighed, and allowance made per grain for deficiency. **Copper coins**, and medals of all nations, from the days of righteous Noah, are current in this place for one sol per piece, without regard to its primitive or local value at home: some of these are ancient and curious.

Banks.—The United States are suffering daily from the failure of banks, whose notes are quoted by the brokers, the same as the funds on foreign exchanges, from par downwards, to seventy per cent. discount!! The Canadians are not without their banks, but they are, I believe, solvent ones, although they are illegally constituted, and without charters: illegally, because no more than six persons can join together as bankers; here the share-holders are numerous, and they set out with this sentence in the body of their issuable notes, 'Payable out of the joint funds of the association only, and no other.' These notes are for one, two, three, five, ten, twenty dollars each, and are received by the merchants and tradesfolks, but the 'habitants' prefer specie, and would make a great difference in the price of a leg of mutton, in favour of the more tangible substance. If, therefore, people will take the pig in the poke, they have no one to blame when the associated bankers shall tell them, the funds are expended, and they have no other. It is a question whether (perhaps you will say no question at all,) their estates and property are not liable to the full extent of their notes; and further, whether those who forge their notes can be convicted, because the cause would be illegal. I leave this to your decision, warning you that I am an enemy to all banks that have not got the precious metals in their vaults for every dollar issued, and whose paper is not in consequence at a premium.

Exchanges with England are considered at par, when 60d. currency will purchase 54d. in London. Treasury bills are usually two per cent. higher than private merchants. The Americans have been buying up all the dollars and other silver bullion they could get, giving gold in payment, with a premium, at one time, of two to three per cent., for the purpose of their commerce with China.

Weights and measures.—The English pound, avoirdupoise, — English foot, — yard, — gallons for liquids, — bushel for dry measures, are commonly in use. The habitants, however, sell by the French minot, (rather less than a bushel,) and the 'pocheté,' which is a minot et demi. The arpent, for land measure, is a simpler mea-

sure than our's; it consists of sixty yards, (or one hundred and eighty feet,) by sixty length and depth. The cord of fuel wood is eight feet long, by four feet high, and the sticks three to four feet long.

Ship building, I forgot to mention, is a source of profit to the colony; several very fine merchant ships have been launched at Quebec and in its vicinity.

The arts—are not much cultivated in the metropolis; proof, that the signs are badly painted, is one of the most public evidences, and that the sculptured exhibitions are more like the idols of the Pagans than any living animals.

Literature.—As a superficial observer, I may offer an opinion on these matters, which I do not affect to understand well; it appears to me, that newspaper controversies, and the editorial part of newspapers, are not generally managed as in Europe; the colony may contain many persons of good education, but literature does not appear to be encouraged as a profession. Any good old sterling works, of English or French authors, which may be offered to sale from the libraries of defunct gentlemen, are bought up with avidity; and I do not learn that there is a shop in Quebec, where you could get any thing but forms of prayer, sermons, &c.

Fires in the woods.—For want of the precautions necessary to burning wood on estates, the whole of the forests, for a very great distance down the river, were last summer on fire; the smoke annoyed us at Quebec, and travelled up the course of the river as far as Montreal, one hundred and eighty miles.

Quebec and Montreal are the only two towns of any considerable size; Kingston is the next in importance. The rest are generally small stations, several with only a company of men stationed in them. If you have a taste for retirement, you can easily go into the woods, where no human creature has ever been before.

The Indian tribes depute a chosen band annually, to visit Quebec, to receive the presents which the King, their father, sends from England. These poor creatures are generally covered with blankets, fastened like a mantle round the neck; men and women dress alike. A *tapis de table*, or square of dyed woollen cloth, is greatly prized; and if the possessor can get an old soldiers cap and a feather, and a few bits of tin to stick over the dress, it is looked upon as a great prize. They fix three or four sticks, meeting at the top, and covered with large pieces of birch bark, for their house or tent, ('wigwam;') this, with an iron boiler and a knife, constitutes the domestic arrangement. They make very neat canoes of birch bark, spread over a slight frame of hoops and slender boards, and stitched with the fibres of some vegetable; these canoes are very light, and carry great burthens. The men and women lie about like pigs,—they are passionately fond of liquor, which makes them frantic; their whole appearance is that of dirt and misery; and they scarcely evince any marks of intellect. There is no doubt that they are capable of refinement,—witness their taste for drunkenness; but there is a colony of them at Lorette, about nine miles from this, where they have adopted the useful arts of civilization, and they profess the Catholic faith. Our streets are often disgraced by these poor civilized Indians laying about in a senseless and almost naked state, dead drunk.

I am, &c.

† † †.

Biography.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART. G. C. B.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, &c. &c. &c.

(Concluded from p. 431.)

It was not one voyage, even though that voyage should be round the globe, and attended with infinite dangers, that could satisfy the inquiring mind of Mr. Banks; and although he did not accompany the new expedition of discovery that was sent out, as he at first wished, yet his directions and assistance were not withheld, so far as these could promote the success and usefulness of the voyage.

Iceland was soon after pointed out to Mr. Banks as fertile in natural curiosities, highly worthy of the inspection of one whose love of nature had led him to circumnavigate the globe. He therefore hired a vessel, and, in company with his friend Dr. Solander, visited that isle. The Hebudæ, those celebrated islets scattered along the north west coast of Scotland, were contiguous to the track of the voyage; and these adventurous naturalists were induced to examine them. Among other things worthy of notice, they discovered the columna stratification of the rocks surrounding the caves of Staffa,—a phenomenon till then unobserved by naturalists. The volcanic mountains, the hot springs, the siliceous rocks, the arctic plants, and animals of Iceland, were carefully surveyed in this voyage. A rich harvest of new knowledge and new specimens compensated for its toils and expense.

After his return from Iceland, where he had much endeared himself to the inhabitants, Mr. Banks passed his time, for some years, chiefly in London or at his seat in Lincolnshire, associating with men of letters and of rank, corresponding with men of science in the most distant parts of the globe, and unweariedly devoting his time and his fortune to the great purposes of scientific beneficence.

In the year 1777, when Sir John Pringle retired from the presidency of the Royal Society, the best friends of that Institution did not think that they could promote its dignity and usefulness better than by the election of Mr. Banks to fill the vacant chair. The honour was just such an one as a philosopher, who was at the same time a man of rank and fortune, might with laudable ambition desire. And it cannot be denied, that if the best judges had been desired to single out the individual who possessed the most eminent union of all those qualities which were best calculated to adorn the office and discharge its important duties, they could not easily have avoided fixing on Mr. Banks.

It was in the year 1778, that Mr. Banks entered upon the duties of the office of President of the Royal Society, and he immediately devoted himself with the most successful zeal to the faithful discharge of them. His attentions had the happy effect of procuring communications in the highest degree interesting and important, and of gaining an accession of person of rank and talents to the list of members: as well as exciting the whole body to extraordinary diligence and activity in the proper pursuits of the Society.

The election of President is annual, but the Society thought itself too fortunate of its choice to think of changing him when the period of re-election returned. For the first three or four years of his Presidency, all went on in

harmony and with extraordinary advantages to science; but, notwithstanding the zeal and assiduity with which Sir Joseph Banks (who had been created Baronet in 1781) devoted himself to the duties of his office, and notwithstanding the general success of his cares, discontents began to arise against him, even among the most eminent members of the Society. A variety of complaints, the fruit of misunderstanding and prejudice, were industriously circulated in regard to his conduct in the Presidency; it was said that Science herself had never been more signally insulted than by the elevation of a mere *amateur* to occupy the chair once filled by Newton! It was alleged against him, that he arrogated to himself the exclusive power of introducing new members to the Society, and by this means to fill it with ignorant and trifling men of wealth and rank; while the inventor in art, the discoverer in science, and the teacher of knowledge, were driven away with scorn. It was said that his hostility to mathematical knowledge threatened to bring it into discredit and neglect in the Society; and it was sarcastically, but unjustly observed, that "he possessed no scientific merits, but such as depended merely on bodily labour and the expenditure of money."

Such were the numerous complaints against the new President; but, however respectable the persons from whom these complaints emanated—however deep and general the impression which they made, they have since been proved to have been exceedingly unjust.

When Sir Joseph Banks was raised to the Presidency, he found secretaries ambitious of assuming that power which alone belonged to his office, and that too great a facility was given to the admission of members; so much was this the case, that D'Alembert used jocosely to ask any of his acquaintance coming to England if they wished to become members of the Society? and intimating, that if they thought it an honour, he could easily obtain it for them. Sir Joseph Banks, therefore, with wise and zealous attention to the true interests of the Society, resolved to use every just and honourable precaution to hinder the honours of its fellowship from being in future improperly bestowed. The first principle which he thought proper to adopt, with a view to this end, was, that 'all persons of fair moral character and decent manners, who had eminently distinguished themselves by discoveries or inventions of high importance in any of those branches of art or science which it was the express object of this Society to cultivate, ought, whatever their condition in life, to be gladly received among its members.' But, in the next place, he was of opinion, 'that of those who were merely lovers of art or science, and had made no remarkably ingenious contributions to their improvement, none ought to be hastily received into the Royal Society, whose rank and fortune were not such as to reflect on that society and its pursuits a degree of new splendour, as well as to endow them with the means of promoting its views on fit occasions by extraordinary expense.' It is impossible to deny that, by these principles (and we know no better) has the conduct of Sir Joseph Banks been ever chiefly regulated in regard to the admission of new members. Against the specious philosophy of the theorists, the atheist, and the innovators delighting in mere change without regard of its consequences, Sir Joseph Banks had also to combat, and it was his duty to preserve the Royal Society from their intrusion.

At length, the mutual discontents between the president

and a number of the members of the society broke out into open discussion. In the course of its proceedings, Dr. Hutton, a name dear to science, was reduced to the necessity of resigning the office of Foreign Secretary, on learning he had been accused of neglecting his duties. He however explained, and defended his conduct, and a vote of the society fully approved of his defence.

On the evening of the 8th of January, 1784, a resolution 'that this society do approve of Sir Joseph Banks for their president, and will support him,' was moved in a very full meeting of the society, by Sir Joseph's friends. It was strenuously opposed by several members, and in particular by Dr. Horsley, who having been interrupted in a speech of great force and argument, and being farther irritated by a suggestion from Lord Mulgrave, arose and spoke with great eloquence, intimating a threat, that if he and his friends were disrespectfully treated by Sir Joseph Banks, they might probably *secede*, and form a rival society. 'Sir,' said he, in conclusion, 'we shall have one remedy in our power, if all others fail; we can at least *secede*. Sir, when the hour of secession does come, the president will be left with his train of feeble *amateurs*, and that toy (pointing to the mace) upon the table,—the ghost of that society in which philosophy once reigned, and Newton presided as her minister.' The motion made in favour of Sir Joseph Banks was however, carried by a great majority, and the dissention soon after subsided.

The society now returned with new zeal and unanimity to the prosecution of their proper labours. These labours are before the public in their transactions, which contain a multitude of discoveries of the highest importance.

All the voyages and travels that have been made during the last thirty years, have either been suggested by Sir Joseph Banks, or had his approbation and support. The African Association owes its origin to him; and Ledyard, Lucas, Houghton, and the unfortunate Mungo Parke, all partook of that kind and fostering care which he extended to the enterprising lover of science. The culture of the Bread Fruit tree in the West Indies, and the establishment of our colony at Botany Bay, originated solely with him.

It was not merely to the duties of President of the Royal Society, nor in the meetings of its members, that Sir Joseph Banks confined his sphere of usefulness; his purse was always open to promote the cause of science, and many a traveller, when in distant and inhospitable climes, has drawn on his bounty: and such was the veneration in which his name was held, wherever it was known, that the draft was received like specie, and generously honoured by Sir Joseph Banks, though drawn without his permission.

At home, his Sunday evening converzationes were attended by persons the most celebrated in literature and science, whatever their rank in life; his valuable library was more accessible than that of any public institution; and he was always ready to give his advice, or to communicate his opinion on every subject connected with science. Mr. Dibdin, in his Bibliographical Decameron, justly says, 'The incomparable library of Natural History of Sir Joseph Banks, in which, as in a wood of ancient growth and primeval grandeur, amidst insects of all hues, reptiles, either nocuous or innocuous, and wild beasts that walk abroad or "love the lair," you may disport at ease,

and solace yourselves without injury, and to your heart's delight. Such a collection should not be suffered to be dissipated; as neither years nor centuries can erase the name of the owner of it from the records of imperishable fame.'

For some years Sir Joseph Banks has been much afflicted with the gout: and during the last few months his health was so much on the decline, that he expressed a wish to resign the office of President of the Royal Society. He however was induced to retain it until his death, which took place at his house, Spring Grove, Hounslow, at eight o'clock in the morning of the last month.

Sir Joseph in person was tall and manly, and his countenance expressive of dignity and intelligence. His manners were polite and urbane; his conversation rich in instructive information, frank, engaging, unaffected, and without levity, yet endowed with sufficient vivacity. His information was general and extensive. On most subjects, he exercised the discriminating and inventive powers of an original and vigorous mind; his knowledge was not that of facts merely, or of technical terms and complex abstractions alone, but of science in its elementary principles and of nature in her happiest forms.

For a period of forty three years, Sir Joseph Banks presided over the Royal Society, and never, perhaps, has the chair been filled with more honour to the individual, or more advantage to the interests of science. His time, his wealth (which was a princely fortune,) his influence, his talents, an incomparable library of science and art; knowledge and judgment to advise, affability to conciliate and encourage; generosity to assist; all in short of which he was possessed, and it was all something either of goodness or greatness, he made the patrimony of the studious and learned, not only of his own country, but of the whole world.

Sir Joseph Banks was a member of the Privy Council, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. As he has died without issue, the Baronetage has become extinct. He has left the whole of his property to Lady Banks, during her life, with the exception of some few legacies and a pension of 200l. per annum, to Mr. Brown, his secretary. To the nation he has bequeathed his valuable library, and a name that it will never cease to cherish while science is encouraged or respected.

Original Poetry.

THE FORESTER'S SONG.

LET lordlings in camps and in courts take delight,
The range of the wood is the forester's right;
He winds his blythe bugle, his weapon he bends,
And the deer are his food, and the freemen his friends.

In their palaces gay let the belted ones stand,
And bow as they will when their king waves his hand;
The knee of the forester bendeth alone
In the chace of the stag, which he marks as his own.

Let the Norman exult in the strength of his steed,
The yeoman's fleet foot will out distance his speed;
Tho' bright be his spear, and unerring his blade,
For the vulture our bows as rich banquet have made.

Their minstrels, at yule time, the harp may attune,
In chambers whose floors with soft rushes are strewn;
In the green wood our bard strings his harp, and the strain,
Like the steel at his side, is ne'er handled in vain.

We roam where we list, and we rest when we need,
Unshackled we live, and undaunted we bleed,
The earth is our realm, and the bound'ry we own,
Is mark'd by the flight of our arrows alone.

The forest our haunt, and the mountain our hold,
When the wolves of the tyrant come down on our fold,
The bow and the quiver we take from their tree,
And on to the combat all fearless and free.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

ELEGY.

On a favourite Canary Bird found dead in his cage.

SEE, where my pretty warbler lies,
Chill'd by the hand of death;
Darkness has sealed his beaming eyes,
Fled has his plaintive breath.

Oft has thy sweet enlivening note

Dispell'd my gloomy fear;—

I fondly hoped that little throat

Would vibrate many a year.

But now, alas! thy song is o'er,

For ever hushed thy voice;

Sweet warbler, thou shalt charm no more,

And I no more rejoice.

L.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Kean having recovered from the hurt he received on the night of his benefit, resumed his duties on Monday evening, in the character of Shylock. Of all Mr. Kean's performances, this is, perhaps, most peculiarly his own; in this he has so far defied all competition, that the excellent play of the *Merchant of Venice* is never thought of being acted without him. Often as we have seen him in this character, and, much as we have always admired his just and forcible delineation of it, we never saw him play it better than this evening. With us it possessed all the freshness of its first representation, and all the finish of the most matured performance.

We have now to congratulate the public on a valuable accession to this theatre, in the person of a young lady, who made her *debut* in the character of Portia. It was her first appearance on any stage, and a more successful one we have seldom witnessed. The young lady has a very fine person, rather above the middle size, with a beautiful and expressive countenance; her action is graceful, and the tones of her voice are peculiarly rich in sweetness and tenderness. She delivered the celebrated speech on mercy with much feeling, and in her general conception of the author, she evinced much good taste and sound judgment. Though not entirely free from the timidity which usually attends a first appearance, yet she exhibited much self-possession, and a consciousness of possessing those talents, which, we doubt not, will one day raise her to the highest rank in the profession. The whole performance was received with the greatest applause by a very crowded audience; and it has since been repeated with increased success.

COVENT GARDEN.—**MR. JOHNSTONE.**—This distinguished performer, after enjoying the highest degree of public favour for a period of thirty years, has now retired from the stage. He carries with him into retirement an ample fortune, gained by his professional talents, and the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. On

his farewell benefit, which took place a few nights ago, his Majesty permitted him to use the royal box, and also transmitted him a draft for one hundred guineas,—a well merited tribute to his great talents.

After the performance of the play, Mr. Johnstone delivered the following farewell address, which was written for him by Mr. Colman:—

'Since in *Lionel** first your protection I earned,
The hour glass of time mighty often has turned:
And in counting the grains that have dropt, it appears
The sum total of sand comes to thirty long years.

Were it not for my having two strings to my bow,
I'd have certainly taken my leave long ago;
But the young lover's strains, ere I thought to resign,
By the Powers, I was snug in the Paddy-whack line.

But, alas! man must finish whate'er be his cast,
And even the *Pats* can't eternally last;
If the Thistle, though tough, like the Rose will decay,
Sure the Shamrock of Erin can live but its day.

I have blundered through many an Irishman's part,
But no blunder, I trust, will be found in this heart;
For 'tis throbbing with thanks, while I falter adieu!
And, oh! how it aches, now I'm going from you.

Then farewell, honoured Patrons, and kindest of friends,
Though as *Dennis* or *Teague*, here my mockery ends;
Recollections shall gladden your actor's retreat,
'Till the pulse of this heart discontinues to beat.'

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The new comic opera with which this theatre opened, entitled, *The Promissory Note*, was completely successful. It is adopted from a French piece, called *La Lettre de Change*, and has all the spirit of the original, while the scene is transferred to Hampstead. It is one of those ingenious and lively productions, so well suited to the very excellent performers at this house; and although in one act only, yet it is a perfect drama; which is more than can very frequently be said of more ostentatious productions. Wrench, as a young merchant, with a young and lovely wife, to whom he is much attached, but, from peculiar circumstances, rendered almost jealous, was quite at home. Pearman, as Scamper, a thoughtless rattling young fellow, sang well and played better. Mrs. Chatterley and Miss Carew sustained their respective characters successfully; and Miss Kelly, as a young widow of five-and-twenty, gave an importance to the character to which its rank in the operetta would not have entitled it. Mr. Bartley, who has returned from the United States in good health and spirits, appeared as Michael, in the *Adopted Child*, when his *entré* was greeted with nine distinct cheers. Some of the most favourite stock pieces of this theatre have been repeated during the week, particularly *Amateurs and Actors*, a piece of which the public will never get weary, while Wrench, Harley, Bartley, Wilkinson, and Miss Stevenson, support the principal characters.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new comic burletta, entitled, *A New Way to get Married*, has been performed during the last fortnight at this theatre; although it does not possess the merit which generally belongs to the novelties Mr. Dibdin brings forward. The successful career of *Old Mortality*, has been temporarily arrested by a hurt Mr. Huntley has sustained, which prevents his taking part in any combats. *Ivanhoe* and the celebrated *Heart of Midlothian* have been substituted, and have attracted crowded

* *Lionel* was the first character in which Mr. Johnstone appeared on the London stage.

houses. In the latter piece, Mr. Bengough played the Duke of Argyle. This gentleman seems to think the merit of an actor lies in the strength of his lungs; if so, he is certainly the best performer on the stage.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Chinese Colony in Brazil.—A colony of twelve Chinese, established in Brazil since the residence there of the King of Portugal, have devoted themselves with so much success in the cultivation of tea, that there are now three thousand trees in full bearing.

Sight Preservers.—A gentleman has invented a machine to take the glare of white paper or needlework, and which cools and softens the rays of light issuing from a lamp or candle. It sheds a delicate tinge of green upon any substance placed within its influence, and renders print, however small, quite distinct by candle light.

Last week (says the Suffolk Chronicle,) the Eclipse, steam packet, made the passage from Margate to London, a distance of eighty-four miles, in six hours thirty-three minutes.

The medicinal society of Wilna celebrated, on the 18th of May, the 70th anniversary of the birth of that great benefactor of his species, Dr. Jenner, by a splendid fete, at which all the principal inhabitants of the city were present.

Malformations.—Dr. Orrey, in the Supplementary Journal of the Dictionary of Medical Sciences, gives an account of two children, who each present six fingers and six toes on their different extremities. They were completely idiotic, and their limbs had acquired an undue development, apparently at the expense of the head and trunk; their parents were in every respect naturally formed.

M. Bidault de Villiers mentions another variety of sex digital malformation hitherto unnoticed, which consisted in the existence of a supernumerary thumb; this like all the fingers of a similar nature, was smaller than its associate. It had a phalanx susceptible of flexion on any external impulse, and was not articulated with the metacarpal bone. It was removed by an operation.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

To a pirating Poet.

We grant the strains that you rehearse
Are all original and new;
The ancients peep'd into *your* verse,
And stole feloniously from *you*.

Sailors.—A Curious Handbill of a Slop-seller in Hull.—B—y, mercer and sea draper, High Street, Hull. Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz. chapeau, mapeau, flying-gib, and flesh-jack; inner pea, outer pea, and cord defender; rudder-case and service to the same, up-traders, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With canvas bags,
To hold your cags,
And chests to sit upon;
Clasp knives, your meat
To cut and eat
When ship does lay along.

Gray.—The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knew this, roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could go, into a tub of water, which they had placed to receive him.

Bon Mot.—A gentleman going out shooting one frosty morning, desired his friend to lend him some money. 'That,' said he, 'is needless, for if you have any thing to pay, you can leave your gun to discharge the shot.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

G. G. B. will find a letter at our office.

The favours of Mr. Newman are received.

G. D. L. S. is again unfortunate: his 'Disappointment' disappointed us much; and his 'Hope' gave us very little hope of his ever being a poet; nor have we any faith in his 'Atheist.'

Nautius is informed, that we already possess a great number of stale epigrams, but none so well known as 'John ran so long,' &c. which he has sent us for insertion.

The observations of Mr. C—s, on 'Literary Debating Societies' are too general; there is, however, much truth in many of his remarks.

Tales of Seduction are never inserted in the pages of the *Literary Chronicle*. The lovers of such kind of reading must find ample gratification in the numerous crim. con. cases, which unfortunately appear in the daily prints. It is on these grounds that R. D.'s 'Louis le Desaine' is inadmissible.

Errata: p. 409, c. 2, l. 32, for 'requested' read 'request'; p. 426, c. 1, l. 15, from bottom, for 'rocket' read 'racket'; p. 427, c. 2, l. 24, for 'rhymes' read 'rhythm.'

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION of OIL and WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS is now open, at the Great Rooms, 16, Old Bond-street, opposite Stafford-street, from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

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